

Cozy Corner for the Little Men and Women

THE WILD ANIMAL DEALER'S SHOP

By Alberta Platt

There is one place which very few, if any, of you have visited, and that is the headquarters of a man who keeps wild animals, birds and reptiles in stock to sell to menageries that need them in any part of the country. There are a few such establishments in America. A visit to one of them, especially if the dealer is kind and polite, is something to remember always. An animal dealer's sales rooms are like a menagerie, except that they are larger and contain a greater variety of live stock than any one animal show that travels through the country.



TRAINED ZEBRAS

Perhaps some person that is starting a snake show will order half a car load of serpents at once—pythons, cobras, rattlesnakes and other ophidians. The dealer who has not a supply of snakes must send all over the world for them. It may take him six months to fill the entire order. One of these supply agents had for awhile a great run on snakes, and so imported so great a number of them that a consignment brought to him upon one ship weighed five tons—16,000 pounds of snake!

An animal dealer has always some interesting specimens at his establishment that you would hardly find in the ordinary menagerie. Perhaps you have heard or read that the zebra is a creature so wild that it cannot be tamed. Well, that statement is now out of date. Within the last dozen years a few have been tamed sufficiently to make them work in harness. One animal dealer, a Mr. Cross, domesticated a zebra team that he valued more highly than any pair of horses he could have owned. He used to drive them to a light wagon, while people stared wonderingly. The pair of zebras became so tractable that he sometimes hitched them to the wagon with a pair of pretty Shetland ponies in the lead, thus making a miniature four-in-hand.

The same dealer had in his collection a magnificent black maned lion, one of the finest ever captured. A photographer desired to make a picture of this noble lion. Animals with intelligence have much curiosity, and the more intelligent they are the more curiosity they possess. The noble black maned lion saw the photographer before the case setting up a camera preparatory to taking the photograph. The lion wanted to see what it was all about, so came calmly to the front of the cage and looked out between the bars. He gazed steadily at the man and the camera without moving. That was just what the photographer most wanted. Snap went the spring that instant, fixing the grand face and mane upon the film. The result was one of the most remarkable photographs ever taken of a lion. This black maned lion was valued at \$1,250.

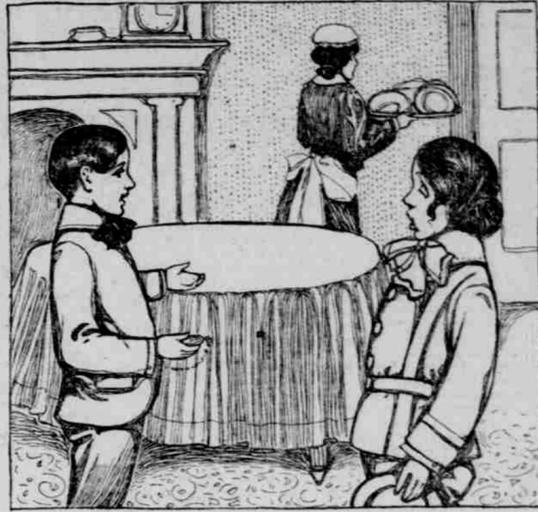
By KATE E. JAMIESON.

Dickie Dawdle-so Receives an Invitation to Lunch.

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Little Dickie Dawdle-so Got a note from Cousin Joe, Asking him to lunch at one— Dickie thought it awful fun.



Dick began to dress at ten, Which was lots of time, but then He was such a slow young sinner. Reached Joe's house too late for dinner.

chance and kill first one, then the other, of the parents. Then they snatch up the cubs and hasten to the seacoast as fast as they can travel. It is a dangerous business.

Even more dangerous than lion cub hunting, however, is obtaining young polar bears. The bear cubs follow their mother. She is very fierce and very sagacious. The hunters must dress themselves in light gray furs and steal over the snow to leeward of the bear lest she scent them. When they come near enough they shoot at her, and if they are lucky enough to kill her, they get the cubs. If not, they are lucky to get off with their own lives.



BLACK MANED LION.

they get baby alligators, and fine ladies make pets of these grotesque creatures for awhile.

Men of all races—white, black, brown, yellow and red—are employed to capture the wild animals that belong to their countries. In Africa black men follow—"stak," as it is called—a pair of parent lions to get their young, if lion cubs are wanted. They watch their

game and kill first one, then the other, of the parents. Then they snatch up the cubs and hasten to the seacoast as fast as they can travel. It is a dangerous business.

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The Game of Sketches. Rainy days will come, and the children have to stay indoors. If they gather up a few pencils and some paper with which to play the following game, they will forget all about the bad weather outside and will be glad to stay in the house.

Every player draws at the top of his paper a little sketch to illustrate some historical event and then passes the paper on to his left hand neighbor, who writes at the bottom a brief account of what he imagines the scene to represent. He then folds his writing over so that it cannot be seen by the next player and passes it on to the one on

his left. Every player in turn examines the sketch and writes beneath it his or her version. When the papers have gone the round of the table, they are collected and read aloud, and much entertainment is provided by means of some of the amusing mistakes.

Shooting of the Young Idea.



"So she's cut you, old man, has she? Well, come and try one of my cigars, and you'll soon forget her." And nothing could have been more successful.

HOW ALEC DID HIS SUMS.

Alec went into a grocery store the other day with a paper in his hand. The clerk thought it was his mother's order for groceries, and Alec read out: "Six pounds of sugar at 5 cents a pound, please."

"Thirty cents," answered the man.

"And eleven pounds of rice at 5 cents a pound," went on the boy.

"Sixty-six cents," said the man again.

And Alec went on: "Four pounds of tea at 50 cents a pound, two pounds of coffee at 35 cents a pound, three cans of soup at 15 cents each," and so on for quite a long list. And each time the man told him at once what it would cost.

At last Alec said that was all, and the man told him the amount and asked if his mother had sent the money or if she wished it to be charged.

"Neither, thank you," said Alec. "Mother didn't send me at all, and she doesn't want the things. It was my teacher gave me all those things to do for a sum, and I thought it would be so much easier if you did them for me like that. Good morning."

Where have all the babies of the world been cradled? In the lap(s) of years.

SIX TIMES NINE.

I studied my tables over and over And backward and forward, too. But I couldn't remember six times nine. And I didn't know what to do Till my sister told me to play with my doll.

And not to bother my head. "If you'll call her 'Fifty-four' for awhile, You'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite Mary Ann (Though I thought it a dreadful shame To give such a perfectly lovely child Such a perfectly horrid name), And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four."

A hundred times, till I knew The answer of six times nine as well As the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wiglesworth, Who always acts so proud, Said six times nine is fifty-two, And I nearly laughed about it. But I wish I hadn't, for when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can," I thought of my doll, and makes all! I answered, "Mary Ann!"



The "walking leaves" of Java are perhaps the most wonderful of insect imitations, counterfeiting green leaves so remarkably that the eye is deceived even when one scrutinizes them. One of the strangest things about them is that their coloring matter has been proved by analysis to be practically the same substance as the chlorophyll which gives the green hue to real leaves. In Java the natives believe that these insects are actually transformed leaves, having originated as buds on the trees. There is a so-called "leaf butterfly" which looks like any other butterfly when flying. But when it alights upon a branch it holds its wings to such a fashion that they look exactly like a leaf, even showing the "ribs" thereof.

Korean Customs.

The Koreans have a holy horror of any of their nationality adopting foreign customs. Thus when a native who had been to Japan returned home wearing his hair cut short and a foreign hat he was soundly thrashed and told to return whence he came until he was fit to appear in public Korean soil. The native boys have any amount of "cheek." One went up to an officer in board an American vessel, pulled via mattoche to see what it was like and took a toothpick out of his hair.

Grew Too Fast.

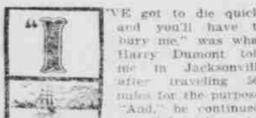
Little Tommy when told that he was growing fast answered: "Yes, too fast. I think they water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning!"

The Story of a Ruse and Its Unexpected Denouement

HUNTED TO THE GRAVE

... By J. H. Connelly

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WE GOT TO THE QUICK, and you'll have to bury me," was what Harry Dumont told me in Jacksonville after traveling 500 miles for the purpose.

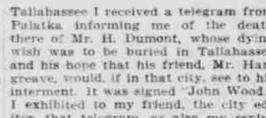
"And," he continued, "it will be well to give the incident as much publicity as you can safely get. Get it to Richmond and Washington. I'll save you all the trouble I can. You'll find me ready to die when I see you. Here's the doctor's certificate—cardiac paralysis. You'd better keep it and date it to suit, and I'll see that the papers are safe till the clouds roll by, Jenks."

Our business and personal relations had been intimate during several years past, and I was fully cognizant of the circumstances which made advisable, and, indeed, necessary, the step upon which Harry had decided. It was the only practicable method apparent for ending an exceedingly undesirable acquaintance, ending a notoriety that would have been very repugnant to him and conserving not only our mutual interests, but those of other gentlemen associated with us. Before parting that night we talked the matter over fully, settling all the details. He was to die at Palatka, and his body would be shipped to Mr. Richard Hargrave at Tallahassee for interment there. I would be Richard Hargrave.

The next morning I left Jacksonville for Tallahassee, leaving behind my personality as Mr. Roy Manvers of London.

Upon reaching my destination I registered at the principal hotel as Richard Hargrave of New York and sent off several telegrams signed with that name that the people in the telegraph office might be aware of my identity. The messages were sent to persons of understanding, who replied to the name I gave. Then I found means to form the acquaintance of the city editor of the principal local newspaper, a very agreeable young man possessing an enthusiasm for sensational news and a nice discrimination in pointable.

About a week after my arrival in Tallahassee I received a telegram from Palatka informing me of the death of Mr. H. Dumont, whose dying wish was to be buried in Tallahassee and his hope that his friend, Mr. Hargrave, would, if in that city, see to his interment. It was signed "John Wood." I exhibited to my friend, the city editor, that telegram, as also my reply: "Inexpressibly shocked and grieved."



WE TALKED THE MATTER OVER. Compliance with last wishes a sacred duty. Send medical certificate by mail and ship body at once. Richard Hargrave.

That evening our juleps—which

to my thinking are made quite as well in Tallahassee as in New Orleans—I told the city editor the sad story of my poor friend Harry. "He was," I said, "a charming fellow, of a most liberal disposition, imaginable and large means, but has never been the same man since the sudden death of the beautiful girl he was engaged to marry four years ago. She was a Tallahassee lady, I understand, though he formed her acquaintance in a fashionable resort in Virginia. She is no doubt buried here, and that is why the poor, broken-hearted fellow wished that this should be his last resting place also."

My young friend said it was a very affecting story and asked my permission to "write it up," which I gave upon the condition that the lady's name should not be published if discovered. That I did not know it I frankly admitted. The next morning when the mail got in I showed to him the certificate, upon which I had fixed the date all right, and, pointing to the cause of death, said: "There's 'cardiac paralysis'—the doctor's name for a broken heart." He was sympathetically affected, for he really had a very tender heart, and the story he wrote up was a gem of romance.

He and I were the mourners at Harry's grave, but by no means the only persons present. The romantic story published that morning had brought some ladies, and a health officer were there. I had the upper portion of the coffin lid removed, disclosing a hermetically sealed plate of lead beneath, through which we took our last view of Harry's face. It seemed as natural as if he only slept. The ladies wept over it. I showed the certificate to the health officer, and he agreed with me that it would not be necessary to open the coffin any more. The burial service was read, the grave filled, and I hired a watchman to guard it for two weeks.

Then I went to Mobile, and from there by boat to Tampa. By the time I reached the latter place I was again Mr. Roy Manvers of London, for my affairs necessitated my spending some weeks in the towns of the east coast, where I might at any moment encounter some one who had met me in Jacksonville.

Ten days later I was in Miami, a very enjoyable young city near the lower end of the East Coast railway. A man came to my room one morning when I had just got up the card of a lady, "Miss Flossie Bell," who, I was told, awaited me in the parlor. De-laying only to take a cocktail as a substitute for breakfast while I dressed, I responded to the summons and found myself confronted by one of the daintiest, prettiest little creatures I have

ever seen. She ran to meet me and, impulsively clutching the lapels of my coat, cried: "Oh, Mr. Manvers, is it true about Harry? My Harry? Can it be possible he is dead?" Tears dimmed her beautiful blue eyes, and the anxiety in her face was painful to see.

"I presume," I said very slowly to gain a little time for thinking, "you speak of my poor friend Harry Dumont?"

"Yes," she replied, wiping her eyes. "Perhaps he has not spoken of me to you."

"I had the glass uncovered and positively identified him, as did others present. He looked very natural."

"Of what did he die?"

"Some affection of the heart. I still have the doctor's certificate." And, taking it from my wallet, I showed it to her. She cried over it softly and gave it back. I hate to see a woman's tears, and the way she went on broke me all up. I felt like a pirate. But what else could I say? Presently she exclaimed: "I must see him once again! I cannot bear to part from him forever without one last look upon his face. You will help me to do so, will you not?"

There was nothing to which I was less inclined. I did not want any more attention directed to that grave, and I didn't want to go back there and be Mr. Hargrave again with her at my elbow, and, coming to think about it, how the deuce did Miss Bell come to seek me for information?

"Oh," she said innocently, "Harry has often spoken of you to me. The last time I saw him he said you were in Florida, and heaven surely has helped me to find you."

I wished to myself that heaven had not meddled in the matter, but passed that over and said, "And the intelligence of his death?"

"—and burial in Tallahassee was in the Richmond and Washington papers."

I tried my best to argue her out of going to see Harry's face again, but she was obstinate, and as I could not venture to let her go alone I went with her to Tallahassee.

As I had expected and dreaded, the cemetery superintendent recognized me as Mr. Hargrave, but it seemed to fortunately escape her notice. He made no difficulty about allowing the grave to be opened, but postponed it until the next day, as the hour was then late.

To my great relief, immediately after dinner Miss Bell carried her grief to her room, at least I so suppose, as I saw no more of her that evening, though I have since suspected otherwise. My friend, the city editor, chanced to drop in, was glad to see me, and we had a little mild conviviality. While we were in the bar room I noticed leaning about the door a fat and

ragged darkey whose walk and attitudes seemed vaguely familiar. I fancied once that he wished to speak to me, but my editorial companion was in the way, and when I thought of him again he

had disappeared, driven away by some one, no doubt.

The next morning I accompanied Miss Bell to the cemetery. The superintendent was quite ready for us. A couple of darkeys were just raising the coffin to the piled earth beside the opened grave. Three or four men who had been aimlessly strolling about reading inscriptions and admiring monuments joined our little group, looking on curiously. Their presence did not seem likely to be an interference, and I thought it best not to object. Miss Bell stood beside me, tightly clutching my right arm.

Under my direction the coffin was opened, as upon the former occasion, so as to barely expose the glass. There did not appear to have been the slightest change in the handsome face upon which we looked. It was as fresh and

naturally colored as if poor Harry had been alive. Miss Bell bent down, gazing intently at it, and I fancied, though I could hardly believe my senses, that she was shaking as if with suppressed laughter. "Hysterics in another minute," I said to myself. But instead of that she drew herself up, and, to my horror, ordered: "Take the lid off entirely. I want to see all that is left of my dear Harry."

"Not on your life!" I shouted, for the idea scared me more than you can imagine. But in a moment my mind got its second wind, so to speak, and I continued with dignity, "Even mad passion must respect the sanctity of the tomb." She insisted, I protested. Nevertheless I saw a noble so obstinate a dainty, blue-eyed little Flossie Bell. Finally I flatly declared I would not allow the coffin to be opened. Upon that she got a rip like a little steel vice on my arm and in a commanding tone said to the men: "I had supposed innocent strangers: 'Benson, Whitley, take off that lid! Wright, catch that nigger!' pointing at the same fat darkey I had seen the night before and who was now lounging near by. The darkey started to run, but Wright got him in three jumps and handcuffed him. I tried to break loose, and she shoved the muzzle of a revolver under my nose. At the same instant a sturdy villain whose name I did not catch undertook to put the handle on me, and, though I put up a pretty good fight, he succeeded. Just then that city editor joined us, and I never saw a man seem so surprised.

While I performed stood looking on in helpless rage the coffin was opened. Dear Harry's face was an admirable facsimile in wax. His body and legs were bags of sand. In place of his feet were a square canvas wrapped bundle, upon which Miss Bell pounced like a hawk on a June bug. When I saw it, I knew we were lost, and the darkey, who was Harry blacked up, groused right out loud. She stripped off the canvas and an inside cover of oiled silk, exposing a fat wooden box. And in the box were two of the most beautifully engraved steel plates ever made for tank road printing, both heavily coated with wax to inhibit them from damp. At sight of them she gave a squeal of triumph, joy, scraped off enough of the wax with a thumb nail to be sure of what they were and then said to one of the men:

"They're the real thing—the plates for the new fifty-thats I've chased clear from Lancaster and caught before they've ever been got on a press. And both principals with them."

"A good piece of work," growled the fellow emphatically.

"Well, perhaps it was from their point of view. Anyhow, Harry and I are 'doing time' for it yet."

FROM NEAR AND FAR.

Andrew Carnegie gives \$500,000 to the endowment fund of Tuskegee institute on condition that provision be made for the support of Mr. and Mrs. Booker Washington for life.

A long ride in an automobile for an hour before retiring is said to be an almost certain cure for sleeplessness.

The original Declaration of Independence has been ordered to be kept forever under lock and key in a light wood safe at the state department. For

nine years. In the United States the life of an engine is but eighteen years because it has run in eighteen years about 2,000,000 miles.

During the month of May for the first time in many years the whole of the city of New York was reported free from smallpox. The board of health even abandoned the hospital on North Brother Island.

During the last three months of 1902 26 persons were killed and 2,788 injured in train accidents in this country, including accidents to employees at work.

passengers alighting, etc., the number reaches 325 killed and 11,873 injured.

The Principal's association of Chicago has asked the board of education to abolish all prizes to pupils. It is thought that the prospect of a prize is a spur only to the few who need rather a curb and that the spirit of envy and jealousy is cultivated thereby.

The young man who boasted that he would make a note in the world now beats the dinner given at a hotel.

The government forestry bureau has begun its project of building up the

pine forests in the sand hill section of Nebraska. At Halsey several hundred pounds of yellow pine, jack pine and red cedar seeds are in process of planting.

In New Zealand a government subsidy is given to the Salvation Army to prevent suffering among the needy.

Professor Charles R. Van Hise, the new president of the University of Wisconsin, will take charge in October.

The Prince Waldemar, the last of the seven fine merchant steamers of the Prince class, has been launched. This

great steamship line between Hamburg, Havre, Mexico and Cuba constitutes the force with which Germany expects to gain a dominant influence in South America.

On his return to London from Italy John H. Heaton, M. P., reported having seen in an observatory near Rome specimens of a new system of electric photography by which clear pictures can be obtained of persons and scenes twenty miles distant.

H. C. Russell, the government astronomer of Australia, announces that after

thirty-six years of research he has concluded that the moon regulates the rainfall. He says that when the moon is moving south there are also more of rain and when it is moving north there are less rains of drought.

The Lefevre brothers of Paris have made a successful test of their new dirigible balloon, covering a distance of thirty-seven kilometers in an hour and thirty-six minutes. The air ship obeyed her captain perfectly and went through a series of maneuvers in the face of a brisk wind.